The YPSI SEM

THE YPSI SEM
Published by the Ypsilanti High School

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DECEMBER 21, 1934

EDITORIAL

Collecting stamps is an interesting and worthwhile hobby. More than any other hobby in existence, it is based upon high idealism and fair play. The stamp firms do business by sending out approvals, and they must trust the honesty of the collector to return what he does not pay for. Collectors lend each other their collections and trust to their safe return. Stamp clubs exhibit collections for individuals, and none are stolen. But Ypsilanti High School pupils cannot place their stamps in the hobby collection in the library without having the choice ones stolen. Of all the mean, low-down, vile and degraded thieves, the stamp thief is about the most contemptible. One such pupil in Ypsilanti High School has disgraced himself during the last few weeks, and has shamed his school. Our advice to that fellow (or girl) is to keep his ill-gotten stamps and hide his head in shame, to stay away from all stamp club meetings in the future, and never be so bold as to call himself a stamp collector again. He is unfit to associate with his fellow collectors, a poison to himself, a shame to his school, and a blight to all self-respecting members of society. Morally a scoundrel, untrustworthy, vile, and mean, depraved by selfishness, he puts on a bold front, says, with a sad kind of truth, "Behold me; I'm a stamp collector."

Within the memory of the older high school pupils one of our English students a few years ago became so anxious to get a good mark on a special report that he cut several pages from a new encyclopedia and took them with him to copy. Another student went to the same book for information and found the pages gone, and reported the loss to Miss McCrickett. In the meantime, Mrs. Montgomery received a theme from our student, which she recognized as unlike his previous dim-witted efforts, and reported it to Miss McCrickett. Together, they presented the case to Mr. Wiltse, who has established something of a reputation in such solutions. The missing leaves were found; the boy when brought face to face with the evidence, admitted his guilt. The case was settled without expelling the boy from school, but at considerable expense to his parents. Happily, such cases are rare in Y. H. S.

Another evil, less serious but all too common, has broken out in spots over the student body, and particularly in study hall 221. Young men take a sudden interest in the fair sex, borrow or swipe their purses, and take compacts, combs, and such as souvenirs; they hide these things away as something precious, giggle over them (shame on you, boys. Only girls should giggle), and keep them. The last is serious. To take things for sport is one thing; probably everyone likes to tease. To keep these gimcracks is a horse of a different color, an unfit, miserable trick, causing the victim small sums of money and considerable embarrassment and distress.

WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

My associations and contacts with the students in the Ypsilanti High School since school began in September have been both pleasant and congenial. I have noted in the school an earnestness of purpose combined with a spirit of happy good fellowship. Individual members of the student body are courteous and considerate and the teachers show a good measure of helpfulness and inspiration.

My wish to you all during the Christmas season is that this spirit continues throughout the remaining months of the school year. May your Christmas be a time of giving and sharing not so much in the form of material gifts as in the form of good friendship and zeal for service. The distribution of the holiday spirit over all the weeks of the whole year will make our high school and our community a better place in which to live and work.

Sincerely yours,

E. H. CHAPELLE.

UMMMHH!!!!

Chicken and biscuits! ! Mashed potatoes, macaroni and cheese, apple and pumpkin pie, olives, pickles, salmon loaf, waldorf salad! ! Umm Umm. Just like grandma and mother-in-law or—or someone used to make! ! Were you there, enjoying that great repetition of a Thanksgiving feast or were you just around the corner sniffing hungrily to get every possible vitamin out of that delicious scent?

I'm speaking of that great success, the Junior class penny supper. It was a gay, noisy affair and much enjoyed by all, and you can quote me on this, my friends, because I was there, and I know. Or if you wish more authority, I can give you the names of a few students who paused in their—er—a—well—food taking (I was going to say "shoveling") to pass the remarks, "Some feed!" "Gee, not bad grub!" "Isn't everything delicious?" And, last but not least, "Say, ain't it swell?"

Let's give the committee who were responsible for putting this over and the whole Junior class one big handclap. How's chances on having more like it, classmates?

Ypsi High's Prize Winning Short Story of Last Year

"THE STAR"

Let us turn back the clock and visit Rome when it was young. We are the guests of Valerius, a well-to-do Roman. He has invited us to go with him to a chariot race that is to be held in the Circus Maximus this afternoon. On our way there we see a young man of stately stature and fair of countenance. We follow him into the Circus and take a seat on the front row of benches beside him. Who is he? Where have we seen him? Perhaps later we shall remember his name. Valerius leans over and speaks to him. He says his name is Mucius, a farmer, and that he lives a short distance outside of the city. The name is unfamiliar to us.

While Valerius and Mucius are talking, the prancing horses at the end of the arena are anxiously awaiting the signal to start. Suddenly the signal is given and in a cloud of dust the chariot race is on. What brave men the charioteers are! The wind whistles past them as they shout and lash the eager, spirited horses. The two leading chariots are crowding each other at the turn in the arena! Will they clear the space or—?— With a terrific ripping sound the wheels lock and then part. One chariot rushes on but the horses on the other are suddenly wild and the charioteer can barely hold onto the reins. One wheel is off and they come careening toward the awe stricken people. Will they turn or will they come plowing through these front row benches? We try to run, but all is confusion. Valerius' small son, Titus, stumbles before the onrushing horses. Only the gods can save him from a terrible fate. Mucius turns quickly and snatches the boy from the very feet of the horses. The horses immediately become quieter and trot slowly out of the arena.

Outside the Circus Maximus, Valerius breathlessly thanks Mucius for saving his son, Titus, from the maddened horses. "Nothing I can ever do or say will be sufficient. Will you come with me to my home where I shall give a feast of thanksgiving to the gods for sending you to save Titus?"

A smile flits across Mucius' face for a brief instant as he gravely accepts the invitation.

"Valerius, your invitation is very kind. I have not as yet secured a lodging place. Therefore, I shall be glad to abide with you for a while."

We walk along and come to the Forum, the business section of Rome, as it is often called. Some of the law courts are in session and many booths selling fruits and breads catch our eye. Statues of brave and noble ancestors and temples of the gods with their stately columns loom before us. Not far outside of the Forum we come upon the homes of the Romans. Their marble walks gleam in the dazzling sunshine.

Upon entering Valerius' home the fragrant scent of many flowers reaches us. It becomes more distinct as we follow Valerius through the hall and the atrium. We walk through the tablinum, which Valerius often uses as a study, into the peristyle. Hundreds of flowers of all sizes and colors greet us with their smiling faces. Completely surrounded by plants and shrubs, a fountain splashes merrily in the sun. Sometimes it spatters on the marble walk around it and at times even splashes on the flowers. Mucius is filled with pleasure at seeing so many gorgeous blossoms.

While Mucius wanders in the garden, Valerius sends Titus with a request that dinner be prepared in special honor of Mucius.

Later the dinner is announced and we follow Valerius into the dining room.

A Roman dinner is a very elaborate affair. The host often invites several friends to join him. They recline upon couches around three sides of a circular table while eating. From the fourth side the food is placed by servants and the diners serve themselves. Often between courses poetry is recited by the host's son, or his daughter or a slave girl may dance. To—Valerius has asked to have the new slave girl dance for him and his guests.

We have finished the first course of the feast. A slave enters with a finger bowl and a towel. After they have been passed, he leaves. The new slave girl is brought in. Her golden hair and fair complexion greatly delights Mucius. At a signal from her master she gracefully begins to dance. Mucius is entranced with her beauty and charm. Too soon her dance is over and with a bow she quickly disappears through the doorway.

That evening after the feast, Valerius and Mucius are seated in the peristyle. The flowers cast fairy-like shadows on the fountain in the bright moonlight.

"Where did you find that delightful little slave girl who danced for us at dinner?" asks Mucius.

"I know not much concerning her," Valerius replies, "She has the name of Galba. She was brought by Caesar's forces on their return from the Gallic wars. She has never been happy since she has been in my service. She is of little use to me because she does more weeping than working. Her dancing pleases me or I should have sold her long ago. She is very charming, but I am afraid that she was not made for work. Come, it is time we should retire. Let me show you your chamber."

Days have passed since, Mucius rescued Valerius' small son, Titus, from the chariot and horses. Valerius has tired of the weeping Galba and has sold her to a slave dealer.

Today we are going to the Coliseum to the gladiatorical combat. We hope it will be an exciting fight.

After a hasty luncheon we hurry through the Forum into the Coliseum. Valerius, Macius and ourselves sit near the front benches. Toward one end of the spacious coliseum we see the slaves and gladiators that are to fight the lions. They must risk their lives for the amusement of the Roman people. We turn at the sound of the huge, rusty door being opened. Out rush the roaring, hungry lions. How fierce they look! We do not envy the slaves! The slaves run toward us with the lions leaping at them. Among the slaves we see a fair maiden with long, golden hair.

"Oh, my precious Galba, I have found you at last," exclaims Mucius.

Without hesitation he leaps into the arena. He does not heed our desperate calls of warning. A lion is about to pounce upon him, but suddenly Mucius is gone! What has happened to him? Galba has disappeared too! Terror clutches at our hearts. It would mean certain death if we went into the

(Concluded on Page 8)

Red Coals and Christmas Eve

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE children had gone to bed, their stockings were all hanging by the fireplace. They were filled now. And two persons were sitting in front of the fire talking.

"Shall I put on another log?" he said.

"No, we had better not sit up much longer. Let's just stay until the red coals become dull," she answered.

Every Christmas eve they had sat like this when the house was quiet, after the stockings had been filled, after the tree had been trimmed.

It was becoming cooler since the fire had almost gone out, but their chairs were drawn closely up before the shining andirons.

"You always polish them so beautifully for Christmas," he said. "You never grow tired of making everything as lovely each succeeding year."

"And you never grow tired of appreciating—perhaps that is why I can always take such an interest," she said.

"The andirons shine with fresh brilliancy each year," he said.

"Like our love for each other," she added. And then, for fear he might think she was a little too sentimental for one whose hair already had many streaks of gray, she added:

"You make me so sentimental, you darling."

He put his hand on hers.

"It has been a hard year — all the years have their struggles, but every year, as I sit with you in front of this old fire it seems as though there is nothing that I want in this world."

They were straightening up the room now. Everything was in its place. The presents were under the tree, the small toys were poking their jolly little selves out of the stockings.

"I think the thermometer will show zero before morning," he said. "I'll give the furnace an extra poke."

She waited while he went down into the cellar, and as he came up, and then went to lock the front door — the flickering lights from the stars and the bright white of the snow gleamed through at them.

"It's so beautiful," he said. "Let's take a look at it."

He put her heavy coat around her shoulders and together they stood out in front of the house for a moment.

"You always," he told her, "have been my guiding star."

And she put her hand in his and smiled through slightly moist eyes. He was so willing to praise, so willing to say those things when he thought them, that it had made her, she knew, the sort of a person she was.

Each of them lived up to the praise and love the other gave.

The glow of the Christmas fire warmed their hearts throughout all the year.

PETULANCE DISPLAYED BY CENTRAL AMERICAN TREE

A curious tree known as the "angry tree," grows in Central America. This tree, which is a species of acacia, grows to the height of about ten feet. At night the foliage of the tree curls up into strange coils, and if the tree is then touched, all the smaller branches begin to shake just as if the tree was thoroughly annoyed, S. Leonard Bastin writes in St. Nicholas Magazine.

The angry tree was first noticed by some prospectors. In making a camp for the night, these men spread a blanket over a branch of the tree, which had curled its foliage for the night. At once the branch began to shake in a most uncanny way, and at the same time a most pungent odor was emitted. This was so powerful that the men were simply forced to move their camp to another position.

OLDEST AND COSTLIEST PERFUME IS ROSE ATTAR

Attar of rose is described in pharmacopoeias as the oil distilled from the petals of the damask rose (Rosa Damascene). It is employed mainly in pharmacy for perfuming lotions and medicinal washes, but has a certain reputation in the treatment of painful eye affections, being astringent, like most vegetable substances.

It requires two hundred pounds of almost feather weight rose petals to produce one ounce of attar of rose, so is it any wonder that the perfume in its quaint eastern phials, covered with quotations from the Koran, costs anything up to five pounds sterling a fluid ounce?

SANTA CLAUS' POSTOFFICE!!!

Dear Santa:

Please bring the pupils in the junior division that "floation power on the dance floor."

Upper Classmen

Dear Santa:

Please bring Mr. Best a new "exhaust pipe." Complete with a muffler.

You guess!!

Hi Santa:

Please send these high school boys a new line.

B. Matthews.

Dear Santa Claus:

I say, ol' chap, how about giving Hugh Dinsdale a new shovel? The old one's worn out!

All of us!!

Dear Santy:

Please send me Eugene Congdon.

Marjorie Tefft

Dear Santa:

Please keep Ruth Dana as sweet as she is.

Lorne Morningstar

Dear Mr. Claus:

Please help Frances make up her mind.

Ralph Stitt.

Dear Santy-Wanty:

Please send Max Fosket the words to "P. S., I Love You."

Elizabeth Jellis.

Yoo hoo, Santy!

How about a girl friend who goes with me for my looks, not my (?) car.

Orrin Johnson.

Hi Santy:

How about telling a certain trio to stop asking to take me home, when they know I'm already "booked."

Merry Cargal.

Dear Santa:

Please have people be more considerate when they come to my house for a party.

"Hooky" Hochrein.

Dear Santa:

Please bring me that certain boy from Milan.

Rose Wilson.

Dear Santa:

Give me Ruth or nothing!

Arnold Helle

Dear Santy:

Send me enough gum to last out the school year.

Noreen Carr.

Dear Santa:

Please give me a few more "serious moments."

Gus Katsefaras.

Dear Santa:

Please give a footstool to Helen for Christmas.

Bob Arnold.

———o———

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

On November 23, 1934, about thirty members of the French club spent a very delightful evening splashing in the pool and having a grand time. At eight-thirty delicious refreshments were served in the lunch room by Anna Barth and her committee. The members had the honor of having Mr. Lindsay as life guard and Miss Blekking as chaperon.

We are looking forward to many more good times.

Ypsi's First Basketball Defeat This Year

Monroe High School's basketball team defeated Ypsi Hi's quintet in the last two minutes of the game Friday evening, by a score of 25-21.

Although Monroe gained a lead of 10 to 3 in the first quarter, Ypsi came back in the second quarter outplaying Monroe with a brilliant display of speed and aggressiveness to cut Monroe's lead to one point, 13 to 12. Ypsi continued to outscore Monroe in the third period, and, at the opening of the fourth quarter was leading 19 to 17. Monroe, however, staged a rally late in the final period scoring twice after tying the score at 21 points with less than two minutes to play.

Monroe	**B**	**F**	**M**	**P**	**PTS.**
Barhardet, f.	0	0	2	0	0
Bock, f.	0	0	0	0	0
Banklertz, f.	5	0	0	2	10
Kutschi, c.	4	2	4	2	10
Goetz, c.	0	1	0	0	1
Morgan, g.	2	0	1	0	4
Baker, g.	0	0	0	0	0
Clark, g.	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	11	3	8	5	25

Ypsilanti	**B**	**F**	**M**	**P**	**PTS.**
Goodsman, f.	2	0	0	1	4
Jones, f.	1	0	0	1	2
Chubb, c.	1	1	0	3	3
Fosdick, c.	1	1	3	1	3
Duffy, g.	2	0	2	0	4
Wales, g.	1	3	1	3	5
Totals	8	5	6	9	21

Score by quarters:

Monroe	10	3	4	8—25
Ypsilanti	3	9	7	2—21

Referee: Mallory.

———o———

TEACHERS PET PEEVES!

Mr. Best
- Chatter, chatter, chatter!
- Gossip in the halls.

Mr. Heyman
- People who use toothpicks in public.

Mr. Sinden
- Cloudy weather.
- Talking in class.
- Inexperienced students using the apparatus in the chemistry laboratory.

Mrs. Montgomery
- "I don't care" attitude, especially in study hall.
- Weeds in my garden.

Mrs. Ervin
- Gum chewing. (Where have we heard that before?)
- Erasing in typing.
- Alibies.

Miss Payne
- People who "can't take it."
- People who mind other people's business.
- Getting up.
- Impolite people.
- Conversation monopolizers.
- Themes. (Who'd have guessed it!!)

THE KINDLY SOUL

MOST of us know men and women who have little wealth, poor education, even scant ability, yet they are universally loved because of their unfailing kindness. To them we turn instinctively when in trouble, assured that no matter how they may condemn our folly, or deplore our weakness, their words will still be tender and kind. Not theirs to judge and condemn, theirs but to raise the bruised reed and cherish the spark in the smoking flax.

This seems to be a business age, when efficiency is stressed on every hand, and there is no exception to the survival of the fittest. We have no room for the incompetent, no place for failures, no mercy for mistakes; the pace is swift and only the strong can maintain it, while the weak are ruthlessly elbowed aside.

All the more we need to maintain the spirit of kindliness. To many, "business" has become a synonym for heartlessness, and we hear repeated warnings against allowing our religion to interfere with our business.

But there is more in life than getting ahead, and the making or re-making of men is of infinitely more importance than the making of money. If success can be attained only at the sacrifice of human kindness; if we can reach our goal only by forgetting our manhood; then we had better be classed as failures, and hold fast to brotherliness of spirit, which is better than great riches. Men may admire great talents; they may envy great wealth; but they love the kindly soul; and we all worship love enthroned in the Eternal. At any cost youth should keep alive the spirit of kindliness.

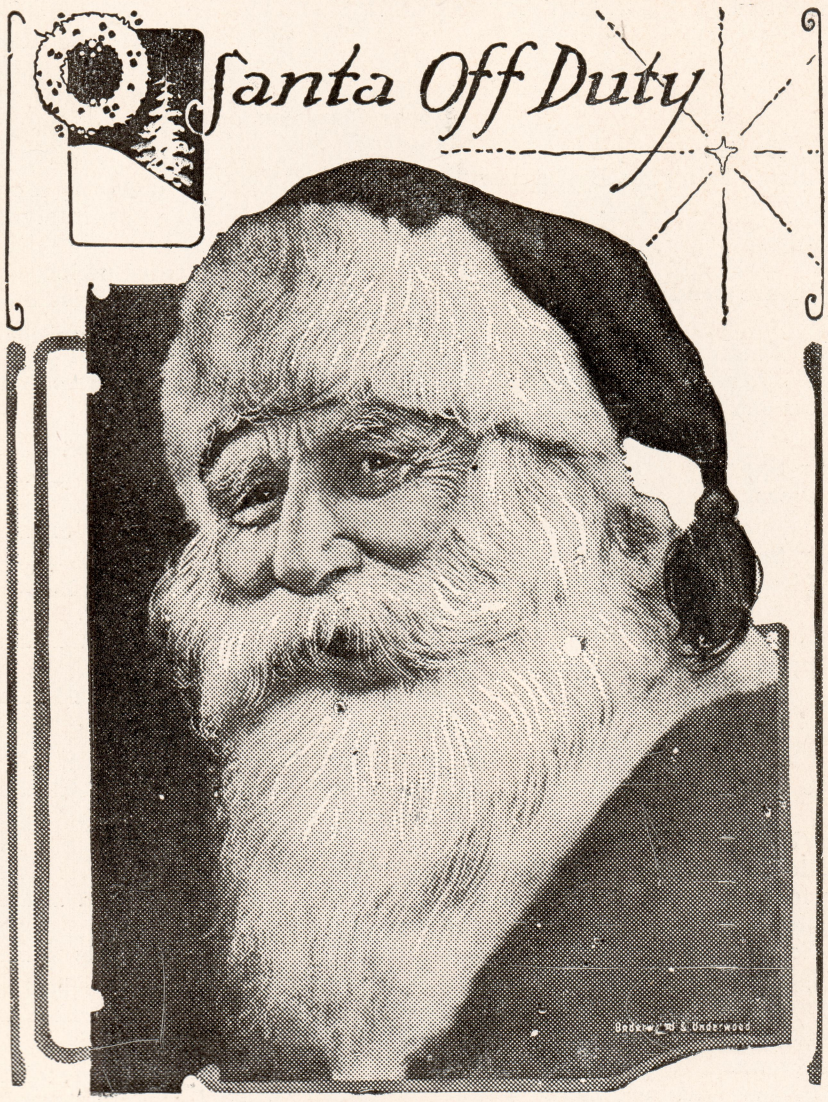
—o—

ONE MAN'S WORK

Everybody's work is nobody's work. A horse would starve if it had twenty grooms to feed it; for each groom would leave it to the rest. The people who projected the Tower of Babel said, "Let us build," but they were all builders, the works have not yet been completed. Noah built the ark, for he was one man; but all the men in the world, when formed into a committee, could not finish a tower.

—o—

The door of opportunity often opens to the key of success.



WORSE THAN A QUITTER

SOMEONE has said that there is one thing which is worse than a quitter, and that is the man who is afraid to begin. We think that there is a good deal of force in the remark. The man who is looking out for lions will find them even on the king's highway. The man who is afraid to start anything until everyone is in line with his project will not travel far. There are all too many people who are so afraid of making a misstep that they never get anywhere.

It is certain that the man who starts something will inevitably make some mistakes; people will laugh at him; people will foretell his assured failure; they will show by perfectly unimpeachable figures that he can not by any possibility succeed; and they will announce his funeral for a certain day; yet only that type of man is worth his salt to the world which is anxious to get something done. There are no monuments to men who never made mistakes. The very successes of life are in no small degree wrought out of its bitter failures. But we forget the thousand failures when the success overpowers us. Better try something even if it seems sure to fail. Keep busy, and some day there will blossom from the ashes of your dead hopes the wonderful flower of triumph. Heaven itself is won by trying. Sitting down gets us nowhere; better get up and hustle, even if you lose your way at times.

—o—

Work means safety for yourself and service to mankind. Health means much happiness and potential power. Study means knowledge, equanimity, and the evolving mind. Love means all the rest!

BOYS' DISLIKES FOR GIRLS

Girls! Listen to this list of things the fellows dislike in us!

Some of them dislike having girls smoke or act stilted and artifical and perhaps the thing they object to most is a boisterous girl. Another fellow told me that it makes him mad when a girl tells him he can have the third dance and when that dance comes he finds her dancing with someone else. Then, of course, I heard that old objection: "these girls who keep you waiting until eight forty-five when they tell you to come at eight." One young man objected to disguises (too much make-up). A little man of my acquaintance objects to girls who say one thing and mean another. Several of them mentioned disliking a girl who feeds every fellow the same line (and they dare tell us they never discuss girls!). The one dislike which stood out, however, was that of "a girl who can't make up her own decisions and so simply 'follows the crowd'." One fellow actually told me he couldn't find anything to like in any girl!

We know its impossible to please them, but we ought to profit by this list of "objections"!

———o———

GIRLS LIKES AND DISLIKES FOR BOYS

The feminine side of this school has contributed their ideas on the subject of what they like and dislike in boys and from the information gathered it seems as though there's room for a lot of improvement.

The following list is just a few of the faults they've accredited us with: The same old line on every girl; wearing perfume and nail polish; drinking; conceitedness; that weakness for purple neckties—who's guilty,—and those red bandana handkerchiefs,—oh, oh, you'd better leave yours home Furgeson.

On the other hand, they like a fellow who is a good sport, is prompt on dates, a neat dresser, courteous, and so on.

Well we couldn't please everyone even if we tried and any fellow who could, certainly ought to have his head examined, or receive a medal. Anyway we can "take it" and you girls had better watch out 'cause there'll come a day.

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AFTER THE (BASKET) BALL!

The Junior Class seemed to be shining and glittering in the limelight last week. Not content with giving the students a magnificent supper before the basketball game with Ecorse they proceeded to sponsor a dime dance afterwards. Perhaps it was because they thought some of the students needed the exercise after the large supper they ate.) The high school orchestra "did themselves proud" in furnishing music for the affair, while a large crowd did themselves proud in the way of furnishing dimes. More power to you, Juniors. (Can it be that you are working for a "J Hop"?)

———o———

CALENDAR

Friday, December 21—8:00-12:00 — Christmas Dance.

NO SCHOOL!! MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!

Monday, January 7—School Opens.

Tuesday, January 8—Student Council meeting.

Wednesday, January 9—Five cent movie.

HONOR ROLL

Seniors

Highest Honors	Joe Johnson
Lois Druckenbrod	Gordon Marks
Vera Wilkie	Robert Reid
Helen Tripp	Marjorie Rodenberg
With Honor	Ted Schaible
Robert Arnold	Mary Jane Sinkule
Harold Goodsmen	Dariel Sutton

Juniors

Highest Honors	Bruce Green
Betty Arnet	Robert Kenady
Seymour Gordon	Mary Louise Lamb
Dorothy Snidicar	Shirley McCracken
With Honor	Audrey Rabbe
Noreen Carr	Alice Rogers
Gunn Chambers	Clare Simons
Dorothy Darragh	

Sophomores

Highest Honors	Norman Christian
Betty Backus	Elenore Fallot
Merry Cargal	Helen Holleran
Janis Gill	Elizabeth Jellis
Helen Katon	Melvin Kenady
Mary McKie	Richard Kruse
Carol Sweet	Robert Lee
With Honor	Edna Mae Lore
Ralph Adams	Robert McKenna
Ellis Bird	Beth Northrup
Floyd Boswell	Stanley Swisher
Virginia Brothers	William Tait

Freshmen

Highest Honors	Robert Hammett
Barry Alford	Robert Horton
Marie Brown	Keith Kenady
Ruth Burgar	Richard MacFarlane
Robert Campbell	Leola Mault
Virginia Jaroh	Barbara Neary
Dorothea Perry	Shirley Ann Nepodal
Donelda Schaible	Jean Ogle
LeRoy Rutherford	Mary Esther Ross
With Honor	Bernice Weatherman
Robert Casselberry	Jean Whitley
Florence Clinnansmith	Nellie Willoughby
Joyce Corbeille	Audrey Youngs
Marion Gardner	Virginia Tyler
Harriet Gordon	

Eighth Grade

Highest Honors	Jack Kahal
Wendell Ashton	Dorothea Lobban
Edward Deake	Virginia Oliver
Thomas Haig	Florence Smith
Alta Bird	Miriam Stout
With Honor	Alice Sutton
Betty Ableson	Donald VanAken
George Atkinson	

Seventh Grade

Highest Honors	Mary Jefferson
Leeta Harning	Emma Hubbell
Geneva Hubbell	Marjorie Maulbetsch
With Honor	Mary Ellen McKenna
Mary Dickerson	Bernice Smith

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THE THANKSGIVING PARTY

On Thanksgiving Eve, November 28, 1934, a Thanksgiving Party was held in our "gym". The "Commanders", a very fine orchestra whose mem-

Ypsi High's Prize Winning Short Story of Last Year

(Concluded from Page 3)

arena to attempt to help them. Valerius motions for us to follow him as he madly rushes out of the Coliseum.

Outside the Coliseum we hurry to the rear entrance to see if Mucius and Galba could have possibly escaped. Suddenly we come face to face with Mucius and in his arms is Galba! Her eyes are closed and her face is as pale as a lotus flower.

"Mucius," exclaims Valerius, "how did you get out of the arena, without being killed? Certainly you could not have escaped from the den of man-eating lions without the help of the gods."

"We did have the help of the gods. I am Jupiter, king of the gods. You may think it impossible but it is true. I came to Rome for a brief vacation and to become better acquainted with the Roman people. When I rescued Titus from the horses at the chariot race, I almost gave away my true identity. At your home, Valerius, I saw Galba, the poor little slave girl and at once fell in love with her. When Valerius informed me that he had sold her my first thought was to find her. Everyday I searched for her but she was hidden from gods and men. Today I found her but her life was in danger. I rushed into the arena to save her. The lions were upon me but I immediately made myself invisible and caught Galba in my arms. How angry the lions must have been to see such a dainty morsel escape them!"

"I would not have believed such a thing possible if I myself had not seen and heard it," exclaimed Valerius.

"Now," said Jupiter, "I must depart from Rome. It has been a very great pleasure to be friends with you and I promise to come again and visit you. Galba shall go with me to Mount Olympus where she will always be happy."

With a last farewell, they vanished into the growing dusk.

Years pass and Valerius still tells of the visit of Jupiter. Titus is ever enchanted by the tale and fervently wishes for Jupiter's promised return.

One day, as Valerius and Titus were sitting before the fountain, Jupiter stood before them.

"How glad we are to see you," said Valerius. "Where is the lovely dancing girl?"

"My beautiful Galba is with me no more. Juno did not share my love for Galba. She vowed that Galba must be banished. I did not want to part with her so I placed her in the heavens as a bright star smiling down on Mount Olympus forever."—Janis Gill.

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bership includes two students and several alumni of our high school, furnished a very enjoyable program of dance music, with several special numbers by George Smith, the trombonist of the orchestra and a former member of Del Delbridge's famous broadcasting orchestra.

The decorations were unique and such as the school had never before seen. They included real rail fences and corn shocks. The orchestra platform was a barn, from which did not issue "corny" music. Tap-dancing numbers were furnished by Sylvester Paterson. Refreshments were served during intermission and an enjoyable evening was had by everyone.

SILENT SYMPATHY

THIS quality is comparatively rare. Words are not always necessary. Indeed they are frequently worse than useless, for one is apt to say the wrong thing under stress of strong emotion.

The day after the young minister assumed his first charge and before he had had much experience in trying to comfort troubled souls, he heard of a woman on whom he should call. A famous specialist had just confirmed her worst fears that their darling ten-months-old baby had never heard a sound. Owing to an unusual defect at birth, there was absolutely no hope that she ever would.

It was characteristic of this young man that he presented himself at her front door that very afternoon. He had to ring a second time, for the mother already shrank from well-meaning callers who insisted on talking about her sorrow.

Entering softly, the minister introduced himself, shook hands with her and was shown into the living-room, where baby was playing on a rug before the grate fire.

The little one evidently liked this kind-faced man, for she at once stretched out her arms to be taken up. Settling her comfortably on one knee, he let her play happily with his watch chain, while the child's mother poured out her real anguish for the first time.

When she paused, expecting the usual consolations, the minister was apparently too touched to speak. She did not feel at all embarrassed by his silence, however, for the atmosphere seemed charged with sympathy. Before many minutes he handed the baby to her mother, shook hands and said goodbye.

It was not until after he had been gone for some time that the refreshed and comforted woman realized the power of silent sympathy.

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"The Sun of Righteousness never sets, but shines forever on the soul turned toward it in the attitude of faith and obedience. Perfect trust brings perfect peace to the believing soul." This is true in every case. Just in proportion as true religion fills the heart, the mind is contented and the spirit finds repose. Op[illegible]r says that the soul filled with Chris[illegible] the enigmas of life. "Looking with t[illegible]nearing with the inner ear, the soul is [illegible]d, sanctified, saved. Its hunger is satisfied. [illegible]ersonal purity here, and the everlasting rest of eternity become its possession. Oh, that men were not satisfied to hwell in darkness." What wings are to a bird, oil to wheels, or a loadstone to a needle, such is Christ to the soul of the believer; he gives speed to his devotion, activity to his obedience, and draws him nearer and nearer to God.

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Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

We may lose our temper a thousand times and yet have not a whit the less; but woe to the person to whom we lose it. A bad temper makes a poor present.